

5. It is as when a gentle mother giveth  
The life on which another's trembling hung ;  
The new-born Year, with Hope which ever liveth,  
From death has sprung:
6. If loud her woes and wrongs call for redressing,  
And cry to Heaven for vengeance on your head,  
Heap on her offspring that repentant blessing  
Denied the dead.
7. And light of immortality down-streaming  
Around the future of the cradled Year,  
Shows in its circling hues a promise beaming,  
Wrought from the tear.

SALLIE P. ATKINSON.

BLACKBOARD EXERCISE.

WHAT MAKES A LADY ?

What makes a lady ?—not the pride of place—  
Not empty vauntings of a high-born race ;  
Not wealth, however won ; not tinsel show,  
Nor polish, such as boarding-schools bestow ;  
Nor artful artlessness, nor studied grace,  
Nor wit sarcastic, that, to gain its end,  
Would wound the helpless or estrange a friend ;  
Nor ball-room conquests, such as leave a trace  
Of that dead-heartedness to which they tend.  
All these dazzle ; yes, may charm awhile,  
But cannot long a worthy heart beguile.

What makes a lady ? A most upright mind ;  
A heart most loving, disposition kind  
And gentle as the west wind's softest play ;  
But firm to tread when duty points the way ;  
An honest love of truth that will not bend  
To slander rivals or to praise a friend ;